DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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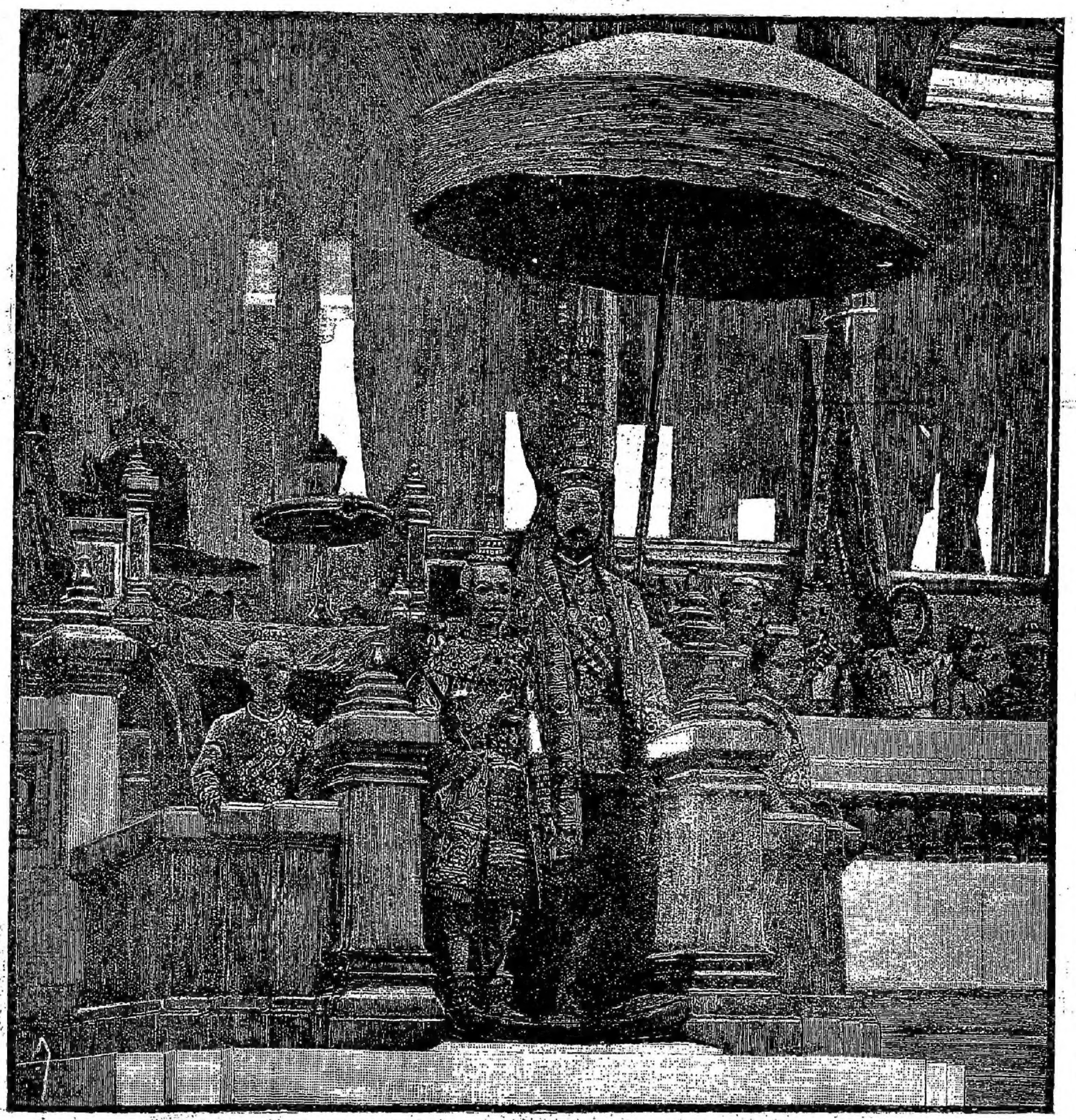

A SIAMESE ROYAL FAMILY: THE KING PRESENTING THE CROWN PRINCE TO THE PEOPLE.—See last page.

AUBERT GALLION QUE
W M Foster 31/8/91

CHRISTMAS EVANS.

Christmas Evans, pronounced by Robert Hall to have been the greatest pulpit genius of the eighteenth century, was a man of almost one book, and that the Bible. Such was his power that on one occasion, preaching in an open field to 20,000 people, the vast audience broke into loud sobs and weeping. This man perhaps never read a newspaper, and much less a magazine, and he knew nothing of science. His whole library consisted of only half a dozen volumes, besides the Bible, but the Bible he studied continually. Two young ministers, desiring to see the famous preacher, called on him at his humble cottage on the isle of Anglesea. They found him sitting at the tea-table, absorbed in an open Bible which he held in one hand and a cup of tea in the other. So absorbed was he that he noticed not the strangers, though standing right before him. He seemed as one agonizing in thought, and utterly oblivious to every presence but God. In his abstraction he moved to and fro in his chair, opening and closing his eyes, but seeing nothing when opened any more than when closed; his countenance for a moment lighting up, and then clouding, as if some great thought he tried to grasp had eluded him. He was now performing, as John Foster says, "the pumping process;" and he was pumping, not from shallow human springs, but from the "eternal fountain." The cup he held in his hand being empty, his simple-minded wife nudged him, not understanding fully his soul struggle, and said: "Christmas, your cup is empty; let me refill it." He handed her the Bible, and then dropped on his knees and prayed: "O, thou opener of the eyes of the understanding and revealer of truth, open mine eyes, that I may comprehend thy word?" For a time he wrestled and moaned, as one in an agony of thought. Light at last came, and the countenance became calm and radiant. Rising from his knees, he noticed the strangers for the first time, and cordially addressed them.—*Bible Society Reporter.*

THE SECRET OF A LONG LIFE.

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. You wonder how this has come about; you wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons.

She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She understood the art of enjoyment.

She kept her nerves well in hand, and inflicted them on no one.

She believed in the goodness of her own daughters and in that of her neighbors.

She cultivated a good digestion.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant words.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained her illusions, and did not believe that all the world was wicked and unkind.

She relieved the miserable and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She retained an even disposition, and made the best of everything.

She did whatever came to her cheerfully and well.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her, and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered.

This is the secret of a long life and a happy one.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

A PROHIBITION TOWN.

The model town of Pullman, Illinois, named for the founder and the famous builder of the Pullman cars, is a prohibition town, as indeed all model towns are. An Australian gentleman, becoming interested in this widely known village, addressed a number of questions to a leading official of Pullman. An English paper gives the result as follows:

1. In what year was the city of Pullman founded? Answer. 1880.

2. What is the population at present, (February, 1890)? Answer. 11,000.

3. How many churches does it contain? Answer. Six.

4. How many schools and teachers are there employed? Answer. Four day schools and one night school. Twenty-four teachers.

5. How many lockups or gaols? Answer. None.

6. How many magistrates, with amount of salaries? Answer. None.

7. Number of police and their cost? Answers Two, at seventy-five dollars per month.

8. What is the annual amount spent in the relief of the poor? Answer. None.

9. Can you furnish us with your statistics of crime? Answer. We have none.

10. Have you any asylums, such as those for lunatics, orphans, etc.? Answer. None.

11. Is the trade in strong drink prohibited? Answer. Yes.

12. Do you attribute to the absence of facilities for getting drink an improved state of morals as compared with other cities in your state? Answer. Yes.

ANNUAL REPORT TO PARENTS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES I. JUNKIN.

We have lately completed the sending out of our annual reports of the attendance and work of the scholars in our school for the past school-year, and I have found myself wondering whether the same idea, or anything like it, was in general use in other schools.

In educational institutions of all kinds, the custom of sending out stated reports of some sort to the parents or guardians of the students is practically universal. It is a recognition on the part of the school authorities of a sense of responsibility, not only to the students, but to their lawful guardians, and, as such, the reports are confidently expected and carefully inpected. Is there any reason why the Sunday-school should stand out as a marked and solitary exception in this respect? If reports are expected as a matter of course, and, when issued, serve a useful purpose in secular schools, why are they so generally ignored in Sunday-school work?

In our own school, it is our custom to send at the close of each year to the fathers and mothers of our scholars, excepting only the members of the Bible classes and the primary department, a report, partly printed and partly written, in which are set forth such facts about the scholars as can be given in condensed form.

The character and scope of these reports will appear from the form used:

ANNUAL REPORT
OF
.....
A SCHOLAR IN THE
GRANT STREET PRESBYTERIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL,
For the year ending September 30, 18....

Number of sessions of the school, ...
Number of times present, ...
Number of times absent, ...
Number of times late, ...
Amount of contributions to all causes, ...
Remarks .....
.....
.....Teacher.
Date.....

The custom on our part grew out of the personal experience of the writer; and it has commended itself to us, not only on theoretical grounds, but practically as a method of work tried and proved to be of real value.

I remember distinctly the feelings in my heart, when, while I was still a small boy in the Sunday-school, my elder brother returned from school with a report, similar in form to the one above given, carefully written out and signed by his teacher. We were all greatly interested in it, and, personally, I could not help feeling somewhat envious, for the report seemed to tell me that my brother's teacher cared more for him and his work than mine did for me. I am confident, also, that my parents looked on the little report as an additional evidence of the fidelity and diligence of their boy's teacher. Moreover, the reports unquestionably deepened my brother's interest in his work, in the teacher, in the class, and in the school; for he could not help feeling that the eyes of teacher, of classmates, and of the members of the home circle, were on him and his work.

Would not the sending out of such reports in all our schools result in good, and only in good? The custom involves some slight additional work and expense, but the cost is as nothing when compared with the good accomplished.—*Sunday-School Times.*

THE CHURCH ARMY.

The Rev. Dr. D. McEwen, of Clapham, speaking at the Evangelical Alliance Conference, at Manchester, declared his belief that the devotion of 50,000 workers, and the expenditure of fifteen millions sterling annually, for ten years, would secure the carrying of the Gospel to every creature on the habitable globe. This outlay of men and means would not be thought a great thing in any international war; why should not the church of Chuist combine to bring it about? If the church will break up her encampment and go forward, God's guiding cloud will move on, and lead the way, so that no Red Sea, or Jordan, or Jericho of difficulty can come in to prevent the victory.—*The Christian.*

NO ALCOHOL NEEDED.

Dr. W. T. Gairdner, physician to the Royal Infirmary and professor of the practice of physic in the University of Glasgow, says that typhus fever may be advantageously treated, with a diminished mortality, without one drop of wine or other spirits being given from the beginning to the end of the fever. The reduced mortality under Dr. Gairdner's treatment is highly encouraging. In 595 cases of all ages treated by him the mortality was only 11.3 per cent, whilst under the treatment of alcohol it was 17½ percent. These results were highly satisfactory, as the mortality from this fever in the hospitals of England is about 18 per cent.—*Temperance Chronicle.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON X.—JUNE 7, 1891.

HEZEKIAH THE GOOD KING.

2 Chron. 29: 1-11.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 10, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Them that honor me I will honor."—1 Sam. 2: 30.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Temple Opened. vs. 1-3.
II. The House Cleansed. vs. 4-6.
III. The Worship Restored. vs. 7-11.

HOME READINGS.

M. Isa. 9: 1-12.—Light in Darkness.
T. 2 Chron. 29: 1-19.—The Temple Opened.
W. 2 Chron. 29: 20-36.—Sacrifices Restored.
Th. 2 Chron. 30: 1-27.—The Passover Observed.
F. 2 Chron. 31: 1-10, 20, 21.—The Reforms Completed.
S. Isa. 32: 1-20.—The Righteous King.
S. Isa. 35: 1-10.—The Prosperous Kingdom.

TIME.—B.C. 726-721; Hezekiah king of Judah; Hosea king of Israel; Shalmanezer or Sargon king of Assyria.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

Between our last lesson and the reign of Hezekiah there was an interval of one hundred and thirty years. This intervening history may be read in 2 Chron. 25-28 and 2 Kings 15-17, with light thrown on it from Isa. 1-14, which belongs to this period. Hezekiah succeeded his father, Ahaz, B.C. 726. Parallel account 2 Kings 18: 1-12.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 2. *Did that which was right*—in strong contrast with his father Ahaz, who was one of the worst of the kings of Judah. V. 3. *First month*—the month Nisan, the first of the Jewish sacred year, in which the passover was celebrated. *Opened the doors*—which his father Ahaz had closed. *Repaired them*—overlaid them with gold. (See 2 Kings 18: 16.) V. 4. *East street*—the broad open space before the eastern temple gate. V. 5. *Sanctify*—purify. *The filthiness*—partly the dust that had gathered since the temple was closed, but chiefly the abominations of idolatry which Ahaz had introduced. V. 10. *To make a covenant*—he would avert the coming wrath by immediate and universal reform. V. 11. *For the Lord hath chosen you*—his chosen ministers must be faithful and holy.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long an interval between this lesson and the last? What kings reigned over Judah during that interval? How long did Ahaz reign? What was his character? Who succeeded him? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE TEMPLE OPENED. vs. 1-3.—At what age did Hezekiah begin to reign? How long did he reign? What was his character? What did he do at the very beginning of his reign? Who had closed the temple?

II. THE HOUSE CLEANSED. vs. 4-6.—Whom did the king bring together? Where did he gather them? What did he say to them? Why were they to do this?

III. THE WORSHIP RESTORED. vs. 7-11.—What had their fathers done with the temple-service? How had the Lord punished them? What was the king determined to do? What did he urge the priests and Levites to do? How did the king carry out his purpose? vs. 20, 21. With what were the sacrifices accompanied? vs. 27, 28. What was then done? v. 29. How does this lesson illustrate the Golden Text? How was Hezekiah's piety rewarded? 2 Kings 18: 7.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That God's service should be our first work; we cannot begin it too young.
2. That our hearts must be purified for this work.
3. That we must be constant, hearty and active in it.
4. That our whole aim should be to do right in the sight of the Lord.
5. That purity is requisite in those who would lead others to purity.
6. That God honors those who honor him.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. How long did Hezekiah reign in Jerusalem? Ans. Twenty-nine years.
2. What was his character? Ans. He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord.
3. What did he do at the very beginning of his reign? Ans. He opened the doors of the house of the Lord and re-established his services.
4. What counsel did he give to the priests and Levites? Ans. My sons, be not now negligent, for the Lord hath chosen you to stand before him.
5. How was his piety rewarded? Ans. The Lord was with him, and he prospered whithersoever he went forth. 2 Kings 18: 7.

LESSON XI.—JUNE 14, 1891.

THE BOOK OF THE LAW FOUND.

2 Chron. 34: 14-28.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver."—Ps. 119: 72.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Chron. 34: 1-13.—Josiah's Early Piety.
T. 2. Chron. 34: 14-22.—The Book of the Law Found.
W. 2. Chron. 34: 23-33.—The Book Read.
Th. 2. Chron. 35: 1-19.—The Passover Kept.
F. 2. Chron. 35: 20-27.—Josiah Slain.
S. Lam. 1: 1-22.—Jeremiah's Lamentation.
S. Psalm 119: 65-80.—Better than Gold and Silver.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Finding of the Book. vs. 14-17.
II. The Grief of the King. vs. 18-21.
III. The Answer of the Lord. vs. 22-28.

TIME.—B.C. 623, in the eighteenth year of Josiah's reign, ninety-eight years after the captivity of Israel.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, the capital of Judah.

OPENING WORDS.

Josiah, the sixteenth king of Judah, was proclaimed king when he was only seven years old, and reigned thirty-one years, B.C. 641-610. He took prompt and decisive measures for the suppression of idolatry, and repaired the temple, which had suffered from neglect. It was while these repairs were going on that the book of the law was found. Parallel accounts of Josiah's reign, 2 Chron. chs. 34 and 35; 2 Kings, chs. 22 and 23.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 14. *The money*—collected for the temple repairs. *Found*—rather "had found." *A book of the law*—either the volume written by Moses (Deut. 31: 26) or a genuine copy of it. V. 16. *Shaphan the scribe*—the king's secretary. V. 18. *Read it*—Revised Version, "read therein;" portions of it, perhaps Deut. 28-30. V. 19. *Rent his clothes*—in sorrow for the sins of his people. V. 21. *Inquire of the Lord*—so as to find out whether there is still any hope of pardon. V. 22. *Huldah*—not elsewhere mentioned. The prophets of this period were Jeremiah (Jer. 1: 2) and Zephaniah. Zeph. 1: 1. *In the college*—Revised Version, "in the second quarter;" the portion of the city between the old wall and the wall of Manasseh. 2 Chron. 33: 14. V. 25. *Shall not be quenched*—repentance will not avail to save the guilty nation. It is too late. V. 27. *I have even heard thee*—the day of punishment was delayed in answer to his prayer.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—At what age did Josiah become king? What did he do to destroy idolatry? How did he show his care for the temple? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE FINDING OF THE BOOK. vs. 14-17.—What did Hilkiah find in the temple? How came it to be lost? Were copies of it as numerous as now? What has greatly increased the number? To whom did Hilkiah give the book? What did Shaphan do with it?

II. THE GRIEF OF THE KING. vs. 18-21.—How did the reading of the book affect the king? Why was he so grieved? What did the Lord require of kings? Deut. 17: 18, 19. Why ought we to know the Scriptures? John 5: 39. What did the king command Hilkiah and others to do? What reason did he give?

III. THE ANSWER OF THE LORD. vs. 22-28.—To whom did Hilkiah go? What message did Huldah send to the king? Why were the Jews to be thus punished? What promise was made to Josiah? Why was this promise made to him?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That we should be thankful that we have the Bible.
2. That we should read it carefully every day.
3. That we should get all the help we can to understand it.
4. That we should make it the rule of our life.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What did Hilkiah find in the temple? Ans. The Book of the Law.
2. What effect did the reading of the book have upon King Josiah? Ans. He was greatly grieved and alarmed on account of the sins of the nation.
3. What did he command Hilkiah and others to do? Ans. Go, and inquire of the Lord for me, and for them that are left in Israel, and in Judah.
4. Whose counsel did they seek? Ans. They went to Huldah the prophetess, and spoke to her according to the words of the king.
5. What reply did Huldah send to the king? Ans. That the Lord had heard his prayers and would not during his life bring the threatened evil upon Judah.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S TOOL CHEST.

"A stitch in time saves nine" is a very excellent saying, although the reminder of the same may strike rather disagreeably on our ears when the neglected stitch has made room for a visible and unsightly breach. Like all sayings, too, this one applies in more ways than one, and to the practical housewife a tool in hand is worth, not two in the bush, but all those that lie in the carpenter's bag. Carpentering sounds a big word, perhaps, but it is wonderful what can be done at home, and how much trouble is saved by the judicious keeping and handling of some few tools; it is neither hard nor dirty work, in times of moving or *re-arranging of rooms*, for instance, and it rather increases the pleasure to have really had a hand in most of the innovations that can be suggested by a fertile brain or a love of variety. There is generally some corner in a house which can be set apart as a workshop, and even if this be impossible, or the title sounds too business-like, it is well to have a special receptacle for the tools, or they will inevitably be scattered about in different places, and not to be found when they are wanted. A visit to a tool shop will fascinate the most uninterested observer, and the number of articles that might "come in useful" is legion; but it is not my object to make an exhaustive list, nor to urge carpentering in its completeness. I will only suggest some things which are frequently wanted by the housewife, and which she would also be glad to have for the occasional putting together of odds and ends. Of course, the carpenter or the handy man close by can be sent for; but why should the housewife be doubtful of her own capabilities?

Always have a good provision of nails. An empty, shallow box will do to keep them in; strips of stiff card-board and a little glue will make suitable partitions, and keep screws, nails, hooks, tin tacks, etc., in separate places. In this collection it would be well to have large dress-hooks for cupboards, bed room doors, and such available places; small iron and brass brackets, too, are very useful for fixing shelves without help.

Then as to the tools. Have two hammers (one large and one small), a saw, a plane, a couple of gimlets, screw-driver, file, pincers, wire-nippers, a bradawl, a chisel and a screw-clamp, with which to fix the article you are working at to your table or any other available place. There are wooden vices which are for some work as convenient as the iron ones. Do not forget the glue and most necessary gluepot, a few tins of paint, and some good brushes. With such accessories any one can be independent and do many a useful turn in the house. Soak the paint-brushes in some turpentine, or wash them in a hot soap lather directly after using them, or they will stiffen and be useless for another time.

A row of hooks in a recess concealed by a curtain in some room with otherwise little accommodation will satisfactorily dispose of dresses or clothes that would otherwise be much in the way, and to fix such hooks is a simple piece of work any woman can do. Then a judicious handling of the plane will do away with just that "something that sticks," and tries your temper when vainly trying to open or shut a drawer in a hurry. The screw and its driver will restore the tiresome handle that falls out and rolls down at your feet, or leaves you unexpectedly shut in on the wrong side of the door.

Again, with the help of small nails and a hammer, India rubber tubing or the patent draught excluder may be fixed to your door, and keep out the draughts. It is not a bad plan to keep a few extra gas burners in the house; the pincers will soon unscrew a refractory one and remedy the faulty light; a slight escape of gas, by the way, can be temporarily stopped with a small quantity of white lead, or some soap well plastered round the crack, until the efficient workman can be procured.

Wood will necessarily be wanted for various odds and ends. It is easy to make one's choice in a lumber yard, where boards and laths will be cut to any size and are obtainable at the lowest price. Three-quarter boards are the most useful for brackets, shelves, etc., though for a mantel board some might prefer thicker and more substantial. I should advise any one who is fond enough of carpentering to embark on actual odds and ends, nor to despise the collecting of cigar-boxes. If the wood is well smoothed and polished with fine glass-paper it will be useful in many ways. A short time ago I fitted all the plain drawers of a writing-table with partitions in this way for all manner of note paper, envelopes, stamps, pens and other such items that otherwise would have been hopelessly mixed.

Keep a small bottle of sweet oil, with a small brush, a quill or feather, and go the rounds of the doors occasionally to avoid creaking locks and hinges. Do not forget that the door-bell will become hard to pull from time to time, though a drop of oil will remedy that. Putty is rather difficult to fix. It seems an easy operation when the glazier is performing it, whereas you feel as *if* your fingers were all thumbs as soon as you attempt it yourself; but patience and practice make perfect, and many an inexplicable draught is obviated by its judicious application. However, it is useless to go on enumerating the advantages of learning to make oneself useful in the house; mending, upholstering, carpentering, etc., all come into the housework as surely as the ordering of dinner and the managing of the store and linen cupboard. To girls who are taught wood carving a little carpentering as a preliminary study would certainly do no harm, and there are many things we have never learned at school that necessity and a modicum of spirit and well-spent energy will teach us as well as an efficient professor.—*London Queen.*

A MOTHER'S STUMBLING BLOCK.

Who does not know the devoted mother? She is careful and troubled about many things. If she could be persuaded to more leisure, more fresh air, more recreation, she would be far lighter of heart and foot, and her children better and happier.

She feels that the whole duty of a good mother is not done unless she walk beside the little carriage as the baby gets the sunshine; unless she feels the little fingers clutching at her skirts, or hears the merry voices all day long ringing in her ears; and is assured that nobody can be trusted with Starry Eyes one hour, until sleep falls over the eyelids.

It is an absurd and impracticable theory. Constant supervision need not be constant self-sacrifice.

Oh, the pity of tired mothers! Always tired! Nerves like a spider's web, stretched from the pretty crib to the end of life! Aching, throbbing, beating; while the dear little voices chatter away, the noisy feet and busy hands do a thriving business indoors or out, with only mamma to be imposed upon. "I can't trust my precious children with a nurse!"

There is no economy in such service. A wise mother can find a capable, trusty nurse, just as a well-managed bank or store finds honest employees. I do not mean the class of mothers who send their children out with new, untried, unscrupulous women—the abominable mothers whom we all see and read about—but the conscientious, loving, care-taking mother, whose short-sighted judgment leads her to the foolish sacrifice of herself. It is the glory of motherhood to give to our children the conditions of good blood, good brains and sound bodies to make them perfect through care, love, wisdom and good heath.

We know the happiest hours are spent with the children. Personal supervision is necessary, but constant care and undue anxiety is waste and extravagance. Send the little ones out—out of sight, out of hearing, for an hour or so; often, let them shout and tumble, and fall, and get up again! Let them go in safe places, with a trusted nurse; but let them go! Set them adrift for a fresh-air bath. On foot, in pillowed carriages, in the parks or fields, let them see the world.

No mother can afford to be always tired and threadbare. No husband can afford the extravagance of such a servant in his household. The position of his wife, the mother of his boys and girls, is far too important, and none other in the world can fill it again. All work is worthy, as it bears upon our growth upward and heavenward. How can a worn-out mother fashion character?

When you look for a self-controlled, joyous, unselfish mother, who is looked up to by her husband and her children, and to whom is intrusted the highest interests of the home, don't look at the woman who "can't trust" her babies out of sight, "can't trust" the work of the house to servants, but carries the heavy baby in her arms, while the little toddling ones drag at her skirts, from morning till the longed-for, prayed-for bed-time. One pair of hands to put on and take off the little garments for a walk or ride, and who wonders at "nervous debility" and the broken-down mothers?

After the children are bathed, fed and sent out then the mother needs to look for surplus strength. With fresh air, a friend, a book, a little trip, stillness from the little voices for a time, she gathers strength for the wild, merry, delightful elves who come home for midday meals and naps, and their thousand nameless wants and demands. At night she has a store of things new and sweet and healthful to offer her darlings, when they fall out of the day-time garments as the petals of wild blossoms fall off the flowers when day is done. She is a new joy, and each morning and evening in such a household is a new day.

A wise old grandmother once said of her neighbor, whose little ones climbed over her chair and talked and teased and made a noise during a call, "I hate to call upon Mary, she is so dragged to death with her children; and when I suggest a good nurse she always replies, 'Oh! I can never trust my children with any nurse.'" Tired mothers are many from bitter necessity; but to thousands from short-sighted, narrow-minded bigotry comes the slavery of a life which should be a kingdom. We owe to our children not alone perfect bodies, but the impress of nobility, in soul, mind, heart and character. The mother without health and nerve and joy can scarcely attempt these things. They come of fresh air, rest, recreation and unimpaired health. —*Babyhood.*

MICROBES AND DIARRHŒA

We shall confine ourselves in this paper to the diarrhœa of infants. Microbes abound almost everywhere. Several different kinds have their habitat in the secretions of the mouth and throat. Most kinds are harmless, while others are the cause of various infectious diseases. Among the diseases caused by them are cholera infantum and other forms of infantile diarrhœa.

Breast-milk is wholly free from bacteria; therefore it is chiefly bottle-fed babies who have cholera infantum, and such patients are readily cured, if not already too far gone, by being transferred to a healthy wet-nurse.

Breast-milk does not curdle and form hard, cheesy lumps, which keep up a constant irritation of the bowels, as cow's milk does. This curdling is due to microbes which the milk absorbs from the air.

Another kind of microbe effects still more dangerous changes in the milk, producing the violent poison, now known as *tyrotoxicon*, which has so often proved fatal to eaters of ice-cream and milk-pies. This same microbe is believed by some investigators to be the cause of cholera infantum.

Experts are assiduously searching for some effective means of destroying the noxious microbes after their invasion of the digestive tract. Meanwhile the great aim should be prevention. This may be attained by "sterilizing the milk;" that is, by killing the microbes contained in it.

Sterilizing is best done by steaming the milk in bottles. Soxhlet, of Germany, contrived an apparatus for the purpose, which is now extensively used in that country. Dr. T. M. Rotch, of Boston, has prepared an improved apparatus, and tested it in the wards of the Infant Hospital.

Dr. John A. Jeffries, of Boston, who has made a special study of the subject, declares that no expensive and complex process is needed.

Take the flask from which the child is to be fed,—a mere medicine bottle will do upon a pinch,—put in a stopper of cotton-wool, and heat the bottle and the stopper in an oven for thirty minutes at a mild baking-heat, or until the cotton becomes brown. Then pour the milk into the flask, put in the same stopper, and heat in a steamer for fifteen minutes.

When the milk is to be used, take out the cotton plug, and put on a short rubber nipple, without any tube. Milk thus prepared will last a long time. A number of bottles may be prepared at once, enough for a journey of several days, or for a voyage across the Atlantic. If it is desired to sweeten the milk, the sugar—milk sugar is preferable—should be put in before the milk is steamed.

Of course, overfeeding is always to be guarded against, especially during the heated term.—*Youth's Companion.*

PUZZLES.—No. 10.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

A is a city in Burmah.
B is a city in England.
C is a city in Hayti.
D is a city in Nevada.
E is a city in Montana.
F is a city in Utah.
G is a city in West Virginia.
H is a city in New York.
I is a city in Siberia.
J is a city in Florida.
K is a city in Kansas.
L is a city in Montana.
M is a city in Arabia.
N is a city in Arabia.
O is a city in New York.
P is a city in Arizona.
Q is a city in Illinois.
R is a city in France.
S is a city in Siberia.
T is a city in Siberia.
U is a city in Italy.
V is a city in Spain.
W is a city in Texas.
X is a city in Ohio.
Y is a city in Long Island.
Z is a city in Ohio.

SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

1. Syncopate a fruit, and leave a Spanish name.
2. Syncopate to raise, and leave a multitude.
3. Syncopate an exudation from certain trees, and leave to restrain.
4. Syncopate in the centre, and leave a fog.
5. Syncopate in relation, and leave neatness.
6. Syncopate a native of a city in Italy, and leave color with spots.
7. Syncopate a weapon, and leave a round piece of timber.
8. Syncopate a health proposal, and leave thrown.
9. Syncopate a weapon, and leave an ornamental fabric.
10. Syncopate a running knot, and leave part of the face.
11. Syncopate a comedy, and leave part of the head.
12. Syncopate hurry, and leave a bad passion.

The syncopated letters form a word—offences not quite crimes.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In singing, but not in joy;
In manhood, but not in boy;
In satin, but not in silk;
In butter, but not in milk;
In summer, but not in spring;
In pushing, but not in fling;
In power, but not in might;
In virtue, but not in right;
In sadness, but not in sigh;
In weeping, but not in cry;
In cloister, but not in nun;
In cheery, but not in fun.

The word is a fearful cause of evil.

BEHEADMENTS.

1. A rolling circle; do you ride it?
2. A part of him who sits astride it.
3. Long, slender, agile; some have fried it.
4. A Spanish word, you've surely spied it,
5. Fifty; the Romans thus applied it.

SAM'S CHOICE.

Mr Smith called his son Sam to him, and told him that he was old enough to be learning a trade, and he must make up his mind very soon what trade he would follow, that steps might be taken toward securing an apprenticeship for him. Sammie went up to his room and sat down to think. At length he took a pencil and wrote down all the trades he could call to mind; but, in his perturbation of mind, he got the letters somewhat mixed. Below is his list, also his comments;

1. Rent crape.—"No, that sounds too mournful."
2. Err, nipt.—"That seems as if I should go wrong, then all my plans would be nipped in the bud."
3. No, Sam.—"That tells me plainly not to try it."
4. Cheat tric.—"I certainly want nothing of this, for, to be successful, one must avoid cheating tricks."
5. Charm ten.—"This seems more encouraging than any of the others."
6. Thick lambs—"Ah, here is the trade for me! It sounds like peace and plenty, and I will tell Father at once that it is my choice."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 9.

ENIGMA.—Paris.

EASY WORD CHANGE.—1. Late—gate—gail—gall. 2. Bide—ride—rise—risk. 3. Last—fast—fist—fish. 4. Name—lame—lime—life. 5. Cake—make—Mike—mice. 6. Dame—dale—bale—ball.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.—K nead.
E rase.
A tone.
T ansy.
S late.

UNITED SQUARE WORDS.—

S	A	M			P	E	T	
A	D	A			E	R	E	
M	A	N			T	E	N	
		H	A		T			
		A	L		I			
		T			G			
D	O	T			O	A	T	
O	R	A			A	S	A	
T	A	N			T	A	G	

The Family Circle.

HOEING AND PRAYING.

Said Farmer Jones in a whining tone,
To his good old neighbor Gray,
"I've worn my knees nigh through to the bone,
But it aint no use to pray.

"Your corn looks just twice as nice as mine,
Though you don't pretend to be
A shinin' light in the church to shine,
An' *tell salvation's free.*

"I've prayed to the Lord a thousand times
For to make that 'ere corn grow;
An' why yourn beats it so, an' climbs,
I'd gin a deal to know."

Said Farmer Gray to his neighbor Jones,
In his easy, quiet, way;
"When prayers get mixed with lazy bones,
They don't make farmin' pay.

"Your weeds, I notice, are good an' tall,
In spite of all your prayers;
You may pray for corn till the heavens fall,
If you don't dig up the tares.

"I mix my prayers with a little toil
Along in every row;
An I work this mixture into the soil
Quite vig'rous with a hoe.

"An' I've discovered, though still in sin,
As sure as you are born,
This kind of compost well worked in
Makes pretty decent corn.

"So while I'm praying I use my hoe,
An' do my level best
To keep down the weeds along each row,
An' the Lord, he does the rest.

"It's well for to pray both night and morn,
As every farmer knows;
But the place to pray for thrifty corn
Is right between the rows.

"You must use your hands while praying though,
If an answer you would get;
For prayer-worn knees an' a rusty hoe,
Never raised a big crop yet.

"An' so I believe, my good old friend,
If you *mean* to win the day,
From ploughing clean to the harvest's end,
You must hoe as well as pray."

—*Christian Leader.*

ACCEPTED FACTS.

BY ALICE C. JENNINGS.

I.

"Everything is against me!" This despairing exclamation came from the lips of a young lady of twenty-two, whose surroundings would not seem to warrant such depression unless one remembered that bright surroundings do not always ensure brightness of spirit. It was a clear October afternoon, and the sun was deepening the gold of a walnut-tree just outside the window, and sending a rich glow over the crimson furnishings of the room where she sat. But it brought no reflected light into the face of Helen Carlton. Her expression was as gloomy as that of Jacob could have been when he uttered the lament which she had unconsciously repeated.

"Why, Helen, how wretched you look this afternoon! How can you be so blue this glorious day?" said a cheery voice at her elbow.

"It may be glorious to other people, but it is not to me," was the response, as Helen glanced from the healthy form of her cousin, Mabel Edwards, to her own bandaged limb and the crutch at her side, which proclaimed her a partial cripple.

One year before, she had herself been as strong and vigorous as her companion. But a sudden fall had lamed her for life, and time has brought neither resignation nor patience. So much did she brood over her misfortune that it was really injuring her health. Well-meaning friends, too, instead of trying to turn her thoughts to other matters, were apt to condole with her in a way that made it all the more prominent, so that she really came to feel that she had nothing left.

"Why shouldn't it be glorious to you, I should like to know? You have as good eyes to see it with as I have," replied Mabel.

"But I cannot go out as you can. When father was alive I could ride, but now he has gone, and everything has gone with him," said Helen, disconsolately.

"Not quite," said Mabel, glancing around the well-furnished apartment. "You have a comfortable home, a devoted mother, and a brother who is ready to draw you about for hours if you wish him to."

"Yes, but that does not make up for not being able to walk. I can never attend school again; I cannot bear to go to church and be watched by the whole congregation; I must give up the gymnasium; I can have no place in society; I can never—" here Helen broke down, but Mabel understood. She knew that her cousin's fall had terminated a happy and suitable engagement, Helen herself having firmly refused to inflict a crippled wife upon any one.

"How is Bertie to-day?" asked Mabel, thinking to change the subject.

"Cross as a bear. I can never please him. He wants me constantly, and never thinks that I am weak and cross myself. There's his bell now," and Helen took up her crutch and limped out of the room, to attend to the invalid brother whom a combination of brain and nervous troubles had rendered a great care to her mother and herself.

"Oh dear!" sighed Mabel, "I wish I could help Helen. What was it I read this morning about 'accepted facts'? Ah, here it is,"—and taking a little book from her satchel, Mabel read: "Accept the facts of life as they are, and make the best of them. Change what you can, and do not worry over the unavoidable."

"Well, Helen doesn't accept the facts of her life, that's certain. Let's see if I can teach her to make that maxim practical. But first, I'll find out the rest of her troubles."

So, when Helen returned, Mabel easily drew from her the story of further trials,—of the sister-in-law who had estranged her oldest brother from her mother and herself; of the mortgage that had not been paid, and the consequent lines of care on her mother's face; and of the fear that their pleasant home must be given up, now that two of the family were incapable of increasing the family income. Common trials, all of them, but apt to seem very large when the thorn-prick, instead of being contemplated in some one else, is felt in our own flesh.

"Well, your case is a hard one," said Mabel, sympathetically. "But I do not see that you can help any of these things, or that you are to blame for them. Now let's take them just as they are, and see if we cannot find a bright side to them."

II.

"How bright you look!" was the salutation of another of Mabel's friends, a year later, as she found Helen watching the gold of the walnut-tree from the same crimson-covered easy chair in which we saw her at first.

"I feel bright," was the response, as she laid down the book she was reading. "This study is such a diversion to me, and I am learning a great deal more in the Correspondence College than I ever did in school.

"I am helping others, too," she added, taking up a letter written in a cramped and uncertain hand. "This girl is far worse off than I am, and she says I have taught her how to live."

"But you are just as lame as ever, are you not?"

"Yes, and my lameness is very hard, but it is not the worst thing that could happen. I have still my eyes, and ears, and brain, and hands. Using all these, I do not so much miss my feet."

"Do you not miss the gymnasium?"

"Not as much as I did. I limp over there once a week, and really enjoy the exercises almost as much as if I could take part in them."

"They say you really go to church every Sunday."

"Certainly. Why not? I do not believe people watch me half as much as I used to imagine, and supposing they do, what difference does that make? I go to worship God, and the service means so much to me now that I forget everything else."

"Is Bertie any less care than he used to be?"

"No, I cannot say that he is. Poor boy, he cannot help it, suffering as he does. I have to take him as he is, and not expect him to be bright. Then, you know, I have one brother who is a thorough comfort. There was never a boy more devoted to his mother and sister than John is to us."

"How about Louis?"

For the first time a shadow passed over Helen's face, but it was only momentary.

"Well, she answered, cheerfully, "he has to be accepted, like other facts. Mother often says that Lucy, by estranging him from us, is doing more injury to herself than she possibly can do to any one else."

"Has that mortgage been paid yet?"

"No, and I do not see any hope of its being paid at present.

"Then you may have to give up your home."

"Very likely, but we shall not separate. Love and tact and hard work can make a much smaller home attractive and comfortable."

"Well, I cannot see that a single one of your trials has grown less, and yet you are a thousand times more cheerful than you were a year ago. Do tell me the secret?"

"There is no secret. It is only what any one, by a little effort, can do in any position. I have simply accepted the fact that trials are inseparable from earthly existence, and ceased to consider it a 'strange thing' that so many have fallen to my own share. But I have also learned to accept the bright facts of life, as well as the dark, and to take thankfully every bit of sunshine that comes, or can be made to come, by opening my heart to it. We are apt to think that we ought not to enjoy anything while our loved ones are suffering, but I cannot see that it is selfish to take what pleasure we can, and thus allow them to feel the reflex influence of our own joy. Do you think it would really help Bertie if I should spend my time in sighs and tears on his account, instead of taking the daily out-of-door exercise, and the daily hour of study which give me physical and mental strength, and put me in better condition to care for him?

"Then, too," added Helen, laying her hand tenderly on her little Bible, "I have found precious facts to accept here. The facts of redemption and resurrection and heavenly joy. The facts that God is my Father, and Christ my Saviour. In such hands I must be safe, and ought to be happy, whatever comes."—*New York Observer.*

LITTLE EDITH'S MESSAGE.

A TRUE STORY.

BY CHARA BROUGHTON CONANT.

In a quiet chamber from which the sunshine had been carefully shut out lay a pale young mother, almost too weak even to raise her hand. Her eyes were closed, but now and then her lips, still scorched with the fever that had wasted away her strength, moved as if in silent prayer.

Only the night before her faithful physician had told her that there was no longer any hope, and that her life was fast ebbing away. With sweet submission, with unfailing confidence in the Saviour whose child she was, Mrs. Hamilton received the news. Feeling that she might be too weak to take leave of her loved ones on the following day, she had summoned to her bedside her heart-broken husband and their only child, a little girl of nine years.

She took leave of them separately, and Edith listened to her mother's parting words of love and tender counsel, her little heart almost too full to speak. Though very childish in some ways, she was uncommonly thoughtful and mature in others. After kissing the dear sufferer good-night, she went to her own little room adjoining, furnished so prettily by those dear mother-hands. She did not give way to a burst of unreasoning sorrow, as many a child or older person might have done, but sat there lost in thought, with a dreamy, far-away expression in her soft dark eyes, pondering something that her Sunday-school teacher had said a few weeks before. Thus she sat for a long time, and then kneeling by her bed, poured out her childish heart in supplication for her mother. Her mind was full of something she wanted to say to her, and though she knew she must not be disturbed again that night, it seemed as if she could hardly wait till morning.

Night passed and the morning came, a lovely April morning, with an unclouded smile upon its face. But the young mother lay in the twilight atmosphere of her sick-room, white as the pillow upon which her head was resting. She had taken leave of her dear ones, the last words of tender love and counsel had been spoken, and now her thoughts were withdrawn from earth and she was simply resting in the Everlasting Arms, waiting till they should bear her through the heavenly gate.

Somebody opened the door softly and beckoned to the nurse, who stole noiselessly across the room. A few whispers were exchanged, and then the door was softly closed. The nurse stole to the bedside and said gently, "Mrs. Hamilton!"

"Yes!" said the patient feebly, as she unclosed her eyes. "What is it, nurse?"

"Little Edith is very anxious to speak with you, ma'am," said the woman in the same subdued tone she had used before, "and it's hard putting the child off. Do you feel able to speak with her a few minutes?"

"Let her come in," said the mother faintly, for she thought, "The dear child has something on her mind, perhaps, and may feel easier after she has spoken it out to me."

Edith stole softly in, and Mrs. Hamilton made a sign to the nurse to leave them alone together. Then she feebly stretched out her wasted hand to her darling, and Edith, clasping it in her little one, stood silent a moment, gazing with her large soft eyes at her mother. She was small of her age, with a quaint, attractive little face, around which clustered her sunny brown hair.

"You had something to say to me, darling?"

Edith drew a little nearer. "Mamma," she said, her eyes still fixed wistfully upon the dear one's face, "I've heard of a story in the Bible about a woman who was dreadfully sick. She had a great many doctors and she spent all her money on them, but they hadn't done her a bit of good, only made her worse. But, mamma, she'd heard of Jesus, how he cured sick people, and she set out to find him. There was a great crowd of people round him, but she just dragged herself through them, for she was most too weak to walk, and when she got close to Jesus she put out her hand and touched the hem of his robe. And, mamma, she was cured right away."

"But, Edith," said the young mother, laying the tiny hand she held tenderly against her cheek, "mamma is weak, so weak that even if Jesus were in Brooklyn, if he were right out there on the avenue, she wouldn't have the strength to drag herself to him if she tried. She would be too weak to be carried to him, even.'

Edith hesitated, then sweet and eager came the answer: "But, mamma, I've heard that you can always touch Jesus by the prayer of faith!"

How that appeal thrilled through the mother's heart! After the little one had gone out she lay pondering over her words. The prayer of faith! Was she so weak that Jesus could not raise her up even now if he wished? And then from the heart that had fancied the last cord loosened that bound it to earth, went up the childlike prayer, "Lord, even now, if it be thy will, restore me to my dear ones!"

Hours stole on, and slowly, slowly the shadow lifted. A sweet comfort had been planted in the mother's heart, and ere long a gentle healing sleep stole upon her. With mingled joy and trembling she was watched by those who loved her, for they scarcely dared to hope that she was to be restored to them. But the joy grew brighter and brighter till its first pale glimmer of dawn was merged in the glorious sunshine.

Who shall say that the little child was not Christ's messenger sent to breathe words of hope and encouragement to his daughter who lay there so helpless, so submissive to his will?

And oh! would that to some soul seeking spiritual healing of the Saviour this little sketch might bring a word of help and cheer. No longer does he walk the earth as of yore, but still is he close beside us, sensitive to the slightest touch of the hand of faith, weak and trembling though it be. And to the confession of the timid but loving believer comes over his gracious response, "Be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace."—*American Messenger.*

A CHILD'S ESCAPE FROM SIBERIA.

A few months ago the readers of the *Messenger* were interested in the life and work of Mr. George Kennan who has done so much to make the world acquainted with the terrible condition of the Russian political exiles in Siberia. The interest of people in England is just now being drawn towards two of these exiles, Mr. Felix Volkhovsky and his little ten year old daughter, Vera. Mr. Volkhovsky has lately been engaged in delivering through England a series of lectures on behalf of the society entitled "Friends of Russian Freedom." Unlike the famous Nihilist Executive Committee their work is only to talk and to write, and their organ, *Free Russia*, manifests a very different spirit from that shown in other publications devoted to the same work. Yet, says the *Daily Graphic*, from which the sketch is taken, Mr. Volkhovsky has suffered enough to embitter his feelings, and it must be at times difficult for him to maintain the calmness of tone and language suited to his English friends.

When a student at Moscow, Mr. Volkhovsky formed part of a benefit society, which was suppressed in 1866, and this first brought him under the notice of the police. Subsequently he joined the Rolling Rouble Society, organized by the celebrated Revolutionist Lopatine. For this he was arrested, as the society sought to spread education among the peasantry of Russia, and this, of course, is a political crime. Mr. Volkhovsky was detained in solitary confinement for eight months, liberated for eight months, and then re-arrested. He was now accused of being in connection with Netchaeff, the celebrated conspirator, who afterwards became known as the Father of Russian Terrorism. This was not true, but to prove his innocence Volkhovsky would have had to call witnesses and compromise persons who were not yet arrested, so he was kept in solitary confinement for two and a-half years.

After all these persecutions and imprisonments, Mr. Volkhovsky at last became a genuine revolutionist, and founded a secret society at Odessa in 1874. Here he was again arrested and kept in prison and in solitary confinement for three years. At last he was brought up for trial, together with 198 other prisoners, and convicted of "being a member of a revolutionary society." In those days the revolutionary party had attempted no terrorist action, had perpetrated no deed of violence; nevertheless Volkhovsky was sentenced to the deprivation of all his civil rights and to banishment for life. This sentence did not put an end to his persecution, for, in Siberia, he found that his papers were marked by some secret sign which informed the authorities that he was considered dangerous. Consequently it was extremely difficult for him to obtain employment so as to earn his living. Driven from town to town, from place to place, working sometimes as a banker's clerk, sometimes as a bookbinder, and then as a house decorator, but always persecuted by the police, Volkhovsky at last determined to try to escape from Siberia. He hit upon the very original plan of travelling eastwards. All other exiles escape westwards towards Europe. Volkhovsky started in August, 1889, and in October reached Vladivostock, the Siberian port on the Pacific. Here he succeeded in persuading the captain of an English steamer to take him on board; and, after many adventures and narrow escapes, got off. When he rowed out to the English steamer he found two Russian officials on board, who were there to see that no prisoners or exiles escaped on the English vessel. When, however, the captain saw Mr. Volkhovsky approach he invited the Russian officials to take some refreshments in the cabin. During their absence, Mr. Volkhovsky stepped on deck, and was met by the steward, who promptly put him in a safe hiding place. This, Mr. Volkhovsky humorously remarks, was his last experience of solitary confinement. From Vladivostock, Mr. Volkhovsky reached Japan, and thence went on to Vancouver, travelled through Canada and a portion of the United States. Finally he crossed the Atlantic and came to London.

Though now free and safe, Mr. Volkhovsky was not yet content and at peace. The sufferings and hardships of Siberia had killed his wife and one of his children; but he had still remaining one child, Vera, a little girl ten years old. It was impossible for him to have taken this child on his long tramp to Vladivostock. Vera was left to the care of fellow exiles far away in Eastern Siberia. Now it became necessary to compass the child's escape; and this little girl, though only ten years old, bravely set forth to join her father in Europe. How a child of that age could by herself have escaped from Siberia seems as marvellous as it is incredible. Of course, as the child of a notorious political exile, she was closely watched, and had it been suspected that she intended joining her father, she would at once have been arrested. The journey took in all six months. During all that time the child had to keep her ultimate intentions secret from all various and chance travelling companions who from stage to stage helped her. She always pretended she was going to join some relations in Russia. At times she was obliged to disguise herself as a little boy, and had many adventures on the road. These, however, cannot be related for fear of compromising those who helped her and who are still under the heel of the Russian gendarme. The greatest difficulty, of course, was at the frontier. Here, fortunately, a gentleman was found who had a passport for himself and child. The passport had been carelessly drawn up, and no very precise description of the child given. Vera was, therefore, able to pass herself off as this gentleman's child, and thus finally escaped the grip of the Russian police.

In Siberia Vera had been carefully taught

A CHILD'S ESCAPE FROM SIBERIA: VERA VOLHOVSKY AND HER FATHER.

to speak English, in the hope that it might be of use to her during her travels. In London she has made already a large circle of friends, every one being curious to see a child who, though so young, has been through such dangers and such adventures. But the hard school of Siberian exile has taught Vera the virtue of prudence. A child in most things, she knows full well what risks her Siberian friends incurred in helping her, and nothing in the world can induce her to talk about them. There is, indeed, something profoundly pathetic in the prudence displayed by so young a child. Vera's silence about herself and her escape is more eloquent than the bitterest denunciations of Russian tyranny. What can that tyranny be like if it can teach children so young so extreme prudence?

HOW DONIK MADE THE BREAD.

BY S. F. O. D.

"Sister Donik! the bread is now ready to knead. Do you work it well, and have it set to rise by my return. I go to Muxie Goohar's to help with her baking."

The speaker, Myriam, then took up her street garment, the *ezar*, and covering her head and face, she deftly folded the sheet around her and departed.

Donik is twelve years old, straight and slender, with heavy braids of black hair hanging below her waist. Her tunic is made of finely striped cotton, blue and white, and below are seen very full trousers of blue which reach to her ankles. Little red slippers are on her feet, a red girdle around her waist is fastened by a large silver clasp, and she has on a red zouave jacket trimmed with silver braid. She wears a red cap, and a fringe of silver coins is hung half way around the pretty face. She has silver and gold about her neck and on her arms, for Donik is a little Armenian bride.

There is a determined look in her big black eyes, as she stands before the copper-mixing pan, which is almost as large as a small wash-tub. This was the problem: Given, a mass of dough, enough when baked to last a family two weeks, and a pair of small hands, used only in embroidering, to mold it into perfect plasticity within half an hour.

Donik looked thoughtfully at her wrists, felt her arms, and shook her head. Then she looked at the dough again, then at her feet (for you must remember that both dough and feet were on the level), and then a sparkle came into her eyes.

"Very well," she said: "what must be, must be!" and running into the court-yard, she pulled off her slippers by the fountain and proceeded to wash her feet very thoroughly, and afterwards her hands. Drying them on a towel she daintily picked her way back to the bread-pan, gave each foot another dry rubbing, and then stepping carefully into the pan began treading the dough, up and down, back and forth, around and around! Occasionally she would step out of the pan upon a towel spread beside it, turn the dough over, and sprinkle in flour, then the treading was resumed.

When Myriam, the mother-in-law, returned a half-hour later, the bread was standing in one corner, nicely covered, and Donik was covered up demurely on a cushion in another corner, embroidering a handkerchief. Myriam inspected the bread.

"You have done well, daughter. Goohar is coming to help me bake to-day, but I wish you to watch that you may be able to help another time."

Donik kept her eyes upon her intricate pattern; she was not expected to make a reply. In the Orient, the less a girl says to her superiors the greater are considered her virtue and modesty.

This room in which Donik is working is the living-room of the family. There are no chairs, only a low seat extending around two sides of the room, piled with cushions of red and blue. The dining table is that huge copper salver leaning against the wall. At meal times it is placed in the middle of the room upon a low stool, and the family, first the men and boys, then when they have finished, the women and girls, sit on the flour around it. Those openings in the sides of the bare stone walls are closets where clothing is kept, and the bedding, which is taken out at night and spread on the floor.

Following Myriam into a small adjoining bake-room, we find her making a fire in a hole in the floor. This hole is about two feet in diameter at the top, and slopes down gradually to a point at the bottom, and is lined with bricks and cemented. Behold the oven that is to bake Donik's bread! By the time the bricks are hot, the bread is light, and neighbor Goohar is come prepared to work and gossip. Myriam proceeds to scrape out the coals and all the ashes that she can rake together without burning herself. The two women sit down beside the oven with the bread-pan between them. Each takes out a piece of dough, quickly gets it into shape—most often in the form of a ring, and deftly slaps it on the sides of the oven, so on until the dough is all moulded and the sides of the oven are lined. An iron cover is put over the hole, and Donik, who has been obediently watching the performance, is told to take away the pan and wash it.

Goohar says to her: "You made that bread well, Donik. Young ones do not often make the dough so smooth and elastic. And her first time, remember, Goohar!"

Myriam is not a little proud of her pretty, docile daughter-in-law.

The bread came out of the queer oven smelling as delicious as ever it does in our land of ranges and stoves. The rings of bread were strung on a cord and hung in a dark, cool place, while the rest was put away in baskets.

It was a fortnight before baking-day came again. Donik had anxiously watched the disappearance of the bread, and kept from eating any herself that it might last longer. But at length she had to hear the dreadful words: "You must make the bread to-day, Donik. I am not going away this time, for I wish to see to it that you do it all in the best way."

With increased fear Donik stirred together flour and salt and water and yeast, according to Myriam's direction, and making the process as long as possible. But all too soon it was ready to knead. What should she do? There was no way of escape, either by truth or falsehood. Her eyes downcast, she stood trembling before the pan of dough. The mother-in-law was amazed. "What does this mean, Donik? Obey me instantly or I will beat you!"

Great tears rolled down the girl's cheek.

"Ah, my mother, but I dare not! Such will be your displeasure. You will surely beat me when I show you."

"Surely you will be punished if you do not tell me; so make haste!"

Sobbing and shaking Donik went out into the court-yard and washed her feet and hands, just as she had done before, but with a much heavier heart. In imagination she could feel the scourge cutting into the soles of her tender little feet; and the tears came faster and faster.

Myriam's stern face had relaxed very much, and she looked as if she were trying to keep back a laugh, as Donik returned slowly, very slowly to the bread pan.

"You did well to wash your hands, child, but why cleanse your feet?"

Donik hesitated, then pushed up her sleeves and held out her arms to Myriam.

"My mother, you see these arms; they are not strong. I could not knead the bread as you do, and I feared your just anger if I did not have the work done on your return, and so—and so—my feet being strong, and—and clean, I—I used them."

What! Was the mother-in-law really laughing? Yes, there was no mistaking that deep-toned chuckle.

Now was Donik's turn to be amazed. Instead of being beaten to be laughed at! O joy!

"I will not punish you, my daughter, because I understand your difficulty. You will never have to make bread with your feet again, for I will give you only small quantities until your arms grow stronger."

All this happened many years ago. Now Donik has little girls of her own, who go to school and study the same lessons as quickly and as well as if they had been born in America instead of Turkey. Their own dear mother teaches them housework, rather than a strange, unloved mother-in-law. It was while showing little Donik how to make bread that mother Donik told her this true story.—*Standard*.

BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(*By Joanna H. Matthews.*)

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

She greeted them pleasantly—Bessie and I had ensconced ourselves in the store-room, which had a small window looking into the front basement, from which point of vantage we could overlook and overhear proceedings, and be at hand to come to the rescue, if need were, and Milly found her menagerie too much for her—and opened the old piano, which had been discarded for family use, although it was still in fairly good tone and tune.

For an hour she devoted herself to the entertainment of her guests. She played and sang for them herself, choosing "Captain Jinks" and other kindred effusions, likely to be appreciated by gentry of their stamp; and after their first awkwardness had worn off, Bill and Jim joined in some of these, while the others listened with an interest which was at times diversified by staring about the room, and taking note of everything therein.

"Noticing the window fastenings, and posting themselves generally as to the means of entrance," I whispered apprehensively to Bessie, receiving in reply an unsympathetic "Oh, you goosey!"

As soon as they were sufficiently at their ease to do so, Milly encouraged the boys to sing alone, accompanying them with the piano, and they were applauded with much and violent stamping of feet and clapping of hands.

Meanwhile Bessie and I were not the only listeners, for the household had gathered, one after another, upon the basement stairs, entranced by the wonderful power and sweetness of Bill's voice, which rose, clear and birdlike, above those of his fellows.

"Yer couldn't let a feller tech it, I s'pose, could yer?" said Bill, in a pause between two of the songs. "The pianner, I mean. I'd just like to see what kind of a noise it would make under my fingers. They wouldn't make it sound like yourn, 'cause they dunno where to go; but I'd just like to make it speak a bit, fur ter say I'd played the pianner."

"I will tell you," said Milly, glancing at the grimy digits held up entreatingly, "would you like to come again, and have me play for you?"

The reply was more forcible than elegant, but evinced the heartiest desire to accept of her invitation.

"I shall be glad to see you, then," said Milly, "and perhaps you would wash your hands; and then you may try my piano."

Bill turned over the unsightly members, and scrutinized them narrowly, as if this were the first time he had ever entertained any suspicion that they were anything but clean, or that the process of washing might be beneficial.

"Well, I reckon I don't care if I do," he answered. "Maybe they ain't fit to put on them shiny white things that make the music when you touch 'em; an' if you'll let me play the pianner nex' time, I'll wash 'em."

"Very well," said Milly.

"Kin all of 'em come?" asked Bill. "The other fellers ain't as much on the singin' as me and Jim, but they like it fustrate, an' your pianner playin', too."

"You may all come," said Milly; and then bidding them wait a moment, she left the room.

Bessie and I kept a closer watch than ever on their movements, and were rather astonished to see that, when left to their own devices, they attempted no mischief, did not even touch a single thing about the room. But Jim, having wandered to the window—not to inspect the fastenings, but for a glance at the outlook, it seemed—suddenly threw light on the incident of the previous morning, and discovered himself and Bill to be the partakers of the improvised breakfast.

"O, I say, Bill!" he exclaimed, "come take a peek out here. Do you see what diggin' we're come to?"

"So it is! it's our dairy out there," said Bill, as his eye followed the direction of the other's finger.

"Yer what?" queried one of the other boys.

"Oh, me an' Bill got a fustrate breakfas' right out here," said Jim, lowering his voice, but not so that the listeners in the closet did not catch every word, an' I do believe, Bill, it's just near the house where we got the rolls. Yer see, fellers, there was a basket full er bread an' rolls, an' he set it down outside a house along near here, an' me an' Bill just got the chance on a couple er rolls apiece, an' over to that house with the gratings, hadn't they been so perlite—the gooneys—as to set a pail of milk convenient, an' though it wasn't so handy dippin' it out that way, I reckon they found their breakfas' short when they took it in."

And he laughed loud and long at the remembrance, Bill joining in the merriment.

But they subsided again as Milly came back, followed by old Thomas, lofty still, but somewhat mollified by the comparatively reasonable behavior of the boys, bearing a tray, on which were set forth various delicacies, likely to be appreciated by their youthful tastes. They were not to be allowed to partake of these within doors, however; and Milly, having filled their hands with apples, cakes, and almonds and raisins, dismissed them, telling them once more that they might all come on Saturday.

And come they did, more eager, more zealous than they had been the first time; and not only Bill, but the other three also, with hands and faces, I will not say clean, but which had evidently been subjected to an unaccustomed bath. The faces were streaky, and showed different shades of color, as did the hands; but at least the first coating had been removed, and the hair of all four had been "slicked," and fastened down with an over-plus of dampness. They all evidently considered these sacrifices to the prejudices of society to constitute a claim upon Milly, which was only to be satisfied by each one being in turn allowed "to play the pianner."

This they were allowed to do, waking the most unearthly sounds, as they grew bold by degrees, until Milly was obliged to interfere, out of respect to the feelings of the family and neighbors, as well as regard for the result to the piano, which, although it was past its palmy days, was still useful in its way, and in this case had proved a bait, the attractions of which even Milly had not anticipated.

But presently, to the astonishment of Milly, to the triumph and delight of his companions, and to his own exceeding glorification, Bill, who had at his earnest entreaty been allowed to "try once more," picked out slowly, note by note, but still correctly, the air of "Champagne Charlie." This musical achievement was accompanied by the other boys with expressions of admiration and encouragement, more emphatic and appreciative than elegant, and completed by himself with a somersault expressive of his own intense delight in his performance.

After this it came to be an understood thing that these four boys were to come every Wednesday and Saturday morning for an hour of music; and Milly attempted nothing further, save that, after a time, hymns came to form a part of the exercises. It was literally a "service of song;" and it was through this and the "pianner;" through the love of sweet sounds, which held captive their rough natures, that she gained a firm hold upon their hearts which, later, led to most unlooked-for results.

CHAPTER III.—MILLY'S ALLIES.

Daisy was coming down-stairs, bringing each foot down beside its fellow before taking the succeeding step, after the manner of her age and size, and also with a deliberate caution of movement peculiar to herself, when Edward, descending more rapidly, overtook her, caught her up, and, enthroning her upon his shoulder, brought her in triumph into the breakfast room.

"Don't put me down," she said, as he made a movement to do so, "I want to ride some more, and brefix isn't ready yet."

"I have not time, pet; I am in great haste to be off this morning," answered her brother, as he placed her on her feet; then, turning to me, "Amy, will you ring, and order Thomas to bring whatever may be ready; I will have some bread and coffee, if that is all."

"What is the urgent hurry?" I asked, in some surprise, when I had complied with the request, and been assured by Thomas that breakfast would be on the table in a moment; for brother Edward's morning avocations did not usually demand such haste, and he was wont to linger over his breakfast and papers with leisurely enjoyment of both.

"I have no office boy this morning," he answered. "Donald, who has been behaving very badly for some time, took himself off yesterday, for the reason that I ventured on a mild expostulation because he had stayed an hour and a half, when sent on an errand which need not have taken over ten minutes. I have heard of another boy, and must go and see about him before I go down town; but I doubt if he will answer, and it will possibly be only lost time."

"Take Bill—Milly's Bill—for your offits boy," suggested Daisy, on whom Bill's voice and musical genius has made a great impression. "He doesn't have any offits or anyfing to do, and Milly wants to find somefing for him to do, and for all of 'em."

The "all of 'em" referred, of course, to the other three boys, Bill's companions, for all four had become a weight upon Milly's mind and heart. What more was she to do with them? what farther steps to rescue them from the life of degradation and misery to which they were sunken? She pondered over this so much that it was evidently wearing upon her; and mother reproached herself that she had ever given permission to have the boys brought into the house, or to allow Milly to have anything to do with them.

"Take Bill! take him, brofer!" repeated Daisy.

"I should be among the Philistines, then,' said Edward, laughing, as he took his seat at the table, and I poured out his cup of coffee. Daisy pondered this for a moment; and then, with that quiet gravity which often sat so well upon her, she said;

"Oughtn't we to do as we would be done by, to the Philistines?"

"O, ho! little Mentor!" said Ned, 'so you think it would only be to do as I would be done by, if I took Bill into my office, do you?"

"Yes, I do," answered solemn Daisy, "very do as would be done by to Bill and to sister Milly."

"Augh!" exclaimed Allie, with her little nose elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees, "just as if brother Ned would have that dirty fellow in his office! It might have consequences! Daisy, you must be rather crazy."

Allie and I were of accord upon this matter, but Edward had sympathized with Milly in her undertaking more than any other member of the family; and as he sat, thoughtfully serving a broiled chicken, I saw that Daisy's suggestion had taken hold upon him, and might have "consequences."

"Ned will do something quixotic about that boy Bill, you see if he does not," was my comment to Bessie, a little later. "I should not be surprised if he did try Bill in his office."

A prophecy which was verified that evening.

"Milly," called Ned, from the library door, as we were on our way up-stairs, "I want to speak to you."

I pinched Bessie's arm as we passed by; and, looking down over the banister, saw Edward draw Milly in, and close the door.

"There, I told you so!"

"I'm not surprised," said Bessie. "Ned will do whatever Milly wants him to, and there is a good spice of the same spirit in him."

"Come into our room, and hear what she has to say when she comes up;" and Bessie gladly accepted the invitation, which upon one excuse or another, was extended to her every night, we usually prolonging our girlish confidences well into the small hours.

Ten minutes later Milly came up, with shining eyes, and cheeks all aglow.

"Edward is going to take Bill into his office as errand boy;" she said. "Was there ever such a dear fellow."?

"If he'll go," I said to myself; but I would not damp Milly's enthusiasm by expressing any doubts.

"The boys will be here to-morrow morning, you know," she said, her voice quivering with the excitement of hope and pleasure; "and Ned says he will see Bill and propose it to him."

"The blessed creature!" I whispered to Bessie, as Milly went into the closet in search of her wrapper. "Just think how she will be disappointed."

(*To be Continued.*)

For an hour she devoted herself to the entertainment of her guests.

A WORD TO BOYS.

Make yourself indispensable to your employers; that is the golden path to success. Be so industrious, so prompt, that if you are absent one hour of the usual time, you will be missed, and he in whose service you are shall say: "I did not dream Charles was so useful." Make your employer your friend; performing with minuteness whatever task he sets before you, and, above all, be not too nice to lend a hand, however repelling to your sense of neatness it may be. The success of your business in after life depends upon how you deport yourself now; if you are really good for anything, you are for a great deal. Be energetic; look as well as act, with alacrity. Appear to feel an interest; make your employer's success your own, if you have an honest one. Let your eye light up at his request and your feet be nimble. There are some who look so dull and heavy, and go with so slow and dull a pace that it is irksome to ask what it is your right to demand of them. Be not one of these.

DR. KINGSTON FOX said: "When a physician is called to a patient who is struck down by an acute disease, one of the main points to which he devotes special attention is this: Has he been accustomed to take alcohol? because we know by sad experience that those who have had their 'nips' of spirits or wine during the day, in the way that is common in the business of life of this great city, show very much less power of resistance to, and a much less power of recovery from, such diseases."

BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(By Joanna H. Matthews.)

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

Ensconsed in our former retreat—let me state that upon both occasions Milly knew of our whereabouts, and that we were spying, and did not seriously object thereto—Bessie and I watched the interview between my philanthropic brother and Milly's waifs. The boys edged together, and doubtfully surveyed the representative of the sterner sex, as he entered the room. They were accustomed to Milly now, but rather resented any innovation upon the established order of things.

"Good morning," said Edward, cheerily, a greeting that was responded to in as many different manners as there were boys.

"Mornin'," said Jim, in a tone half defiant, half sulky, and eying the gentleman with suspicion.

"Mornin', sir," said Bill, a shade more respectful, but still on his guard against traps and snares tending Sunday-schoolwards.

Mike pulled his hair, and scraped one bare foot upon the carpet, but uttered no word; and Sam only stared stupidly.

"I want a boy in my office down town," said Edward, entering at once upon the business. "Bill, would you like the place? You are Bill, are you not?" For the boy had been singing when he came in, and his voice betrayed his identity.

"Me an' Jim, do you mean?" asked Bill.

"Not Jim, no; I only want one boy."

"Me an' Jim is chums, an' we allers goes halves," said Bill, linking his arm in that of the "chum." "If he gets a job, I does half, and takes half the pay, an' same way if I gits one."

"I only need one boy in my office," said Edward; "but," looking at Jim, "I will find something else for Jim to do if he wishes work."

"What sort?" asked Jim.

"Well, I have not thought about it yet," answered the gentleman; "but I can find something for you to do, I am quite sure."

"If it was alongside of her," nodding his head toward Milly, who had stood by, silently, "I wouldn't mind. I like her lots, I do, an' I'd just as lieve work round her while Bill was tendin' on you, mister. I kin go errants fustrate, an' sech like, yer know."

Now the fact was, that both Bill and Jim had occasionally, during these last few weeks, been employed in various odd jobs, by which they might earn a little, at our house, such as putting in coal or wood, sweeping the sidewalk, and the like. Even Thomas, despite his former prejudices, had come to employ them now and then to go on such errands as they could be trusted to perform, or to save him some little bit of work, which his old bones found wearisome. Nay, more; even Mary Jane had been known to bribe them to bring up a scuttle of coal, or to carry out the ashes. They had both been found to be willing, ready and obliging; but—Jim especially—very full of pranks, which sometimes were extremely provoking. But steady work, or at least a share of it, something which might give them a feeling of manliness and responsibility, was now Milly's aim; but until the present time there had seemed to be no prospect of this. At the first mention of any asylum or institution, these lawless spirits would have rebelled, and probably cut short their intercourse with our household; and who would care to take into employ such reckless, impudent, ignorant waifs? Only one of these boys had—or knew himself to have—living parents; and Sam had confessed to Milly that he had long since run away from his intemperate father, and the boy still bore about him the marks of the cruel usage he had received, in the shape of a painful limp, and more than one cruel scar.

"Yer'd better go along of him," continued Jim, addressing Bill, who still hesitated over Edward's offer. "Look at his boots, and the studs and sleeve buttons of him! Yer might come to git the like of them if yer was took inter the business. Yer can't never tell what yer'll come to in one of them offices down town. An' if yer gits a lift, I know yer'll gim'me one, Bill, ole feller. Yer'd better go along of him; he's a real swell, he is. Go, Bill, but fust make him tell what he'll give."

Edward made his offer, which was considered satisfactory; and Bill, having accepted of it, seemed to be regarded from this time by his companions with a mixture of envy and pity. He had resigned his free uncontrolled life, and made himself amenable to decency, order and the commands of a master; but then he had acquired thereby a position, plenty for half starvation, a comfortable home, decent clothes, and wages, to them, appeared riches.

"Now, see here mister," said Jim, "I s'pose yer know lots of other fellers what's got offices, don't yer?"

"I do," answered Edward.

"Well, yer git me a chance among some on 'em, like yer give Bill, an' yer'll see if I make yer ashamed of me. I'd like to keep alongside of Bill."

"I shall see what can be done for you," said the gentleman, with a half doubtful glance at the boy, who was evidently the most irrepressible of the tribe and the ring-leader of the others; and telling Bill to be at the house that evening, he bade them good-by, and left them to Milly.

The question of Bill's advancement and Jim's aspirations was much discussed at the dinner table, that evening; and Ned stated that such inquiries as he had made that day, on the latter's behalf, had been fruitless. The truth was that few business men, even had they been in need of an office boy, would have cared to choose one of these young Arabs; and we all, except Milly, thought Edward's benevolence more than Quixotic.

Milly and I took "turns," alternate weeks, of housekeeping, as mother's vice-gerents; she transmitting her orders through us to the servants, and allowing us to give out such things as were needed from the store-room, and so forth.

Milly, upon whom the duties lay this week, had occasion to go down to the store-room and kitchen after dinner; and, as she was about leaving the latter, was detained by Thomas, who begged her to let him have speech with her for a moment.

Now, in Thomas' eyes, Milly was about as much of a saint as she was in mother's—we accused both mistress and servant of undue partiality—and, after the first morning, he had looked with a more favorable eye than any of the household, save Ned, upon her experiment. Indeed, it had been principally through his contrivance and arrangement that those odd jobs, I have spoken of, had been thrown into the boys' hands; and he showed increasing interest in them, at least in Bill and Jim.

He was always grandiloquent of speech, and dignified of mien, but faithful, true, and devoted to the family welfare as if we were all his own. He had carried us all in his arms, in our turns, and we, as well as himself, would have considered it next to impossible that the household economy could go on without him.

"Miss Milly," he said, with a backward wave of his hand to Mary Jane, who stood listening, "we're advancing in years; that is to say, growin' old, Mary Jane and me."

At this Mary Jane bristled. Her weak point was her age, which seemed especially ridiculous in her, for she was scrawny, ungainly and ill-favored, and really of an age which made such sensitiveness exceptionally absurd. She had long been obliged to wear glasses, as we were all aware; but she would not allow anyone to see her wearing them; and if caught sewing or reading with them, would whip them off and hide them beneath her apron. Thomas, who had a certain dry humor about him, was fond of giving an occasional thrust to his old fellow-servant; and this extremely vulnerable point gave him considerable advantage over her.

"Spake for yerself, if ye plaze," she said sharply. "I'll not have it flung at me that I'm growing old."

But Thomas continued, without heeding the interruption.

"An' there's many a step that younger feet might save us, many a little odd job and lift as would be a great help to our backs, and—hem—legs—savin' your presence, Miss. Mary Jane don't confess to no limbs—"

"No, I don't Miss," again broke in the testy old woman; "legs is good enough for me."

Again Thomas went on with imperturbable composure:

"And I was thinkin', Miss Milly, if you'd a mind to take that boy Jim, and the mistress was willin', I'd undertake the trainin' of him; and who knows what he might turn out with surroundin' circumstances. I'd not trust him among the silver or nothin' valyable, till he'd come to be christianized like, and a sense of responsibility; but cleanin' knives, and sweepin' cellar and sidewalk, and goin' of errands, I've tried him on already, and he's not so bad, if you're a bit patient with him. Mary Jane, there, she'd find him special convanient."

Milly's after account of this interview was irresistible, as she painted the horror, indignation and contempt of Mary Jane's expression at this suggestion. But Thomas did not allow her to put in a word edgewise, but went on as rapidly as the sense of his own dignity allowed.

"Now, Miss, as I say, if you and the mistress is agreeable, I'll face the undertakin' of makin' a good servant of him. He's good pints; and for all his pranks and mischievous ways, he's that obligin' and light-hearted that there is not one of us in the kitchen but likes him. He's ready to do a good turn for all, barrin' he don't treat Mary Jane's years with all the respect that he might."

This was a tempting offer for Milly, yearning for some opportunity to put her *protege* under restraint, and such tuition as might put him in the way of procuring an honest living; but there were serious objections to Thomas's plans.

"But it would be putting the boy in the way of such temptation, Thomas," she said, hesitatingly. "I am not so sure of the perfect trustworthiness of these poor children if they are not watched, and there are many things here which it is impossible to keep always under lock and key—"

Milly paused, not for lack of words, but because checked by the expression of Mary Jane's face, which wore a look of triumph, exasperating even to St. Milly.

"There's many a boy, an' man too, been saved, just by bein' trusted, Miss Milly," said her blessed old coadjutor. "I'll keep the boy under my own eye, all I can, and not put too much in his power. Give him the chance, Miss Milly, dear, give him the chance, and it may be the savin' of him. He comes here an' has his music with ye, an' goes away all softened and civilized like, to be just hardened back again by his bad ways, and the hard dalin's of the world to him. There's good in him as well as in t'other one, with his merry eye and jokin' ways; and maybe he'll be showin' it yet if he but gets in with respectable folks and belongin's. Let me try me hand at him, dear lady."

(To be Continued.)

BABY LEE'S RIDE ON THE PLOUGH.

Baby Lee lived on a farm, five miles from the village. One spring day her papa was busy ploughing the potato-piece; so he asked mamma Lee to go to the village to buy some necessary articles. He promised to take care of the baby while she was gone.

Mamma started for the village and papa took baby out to the woodshed with him. He found a large box in which she could sit. This he nailed to the plough-beam. Having tucked baby in nicely, he hitched the horse to the plough.

Away went Baby Lee, across the field and back again, to her intense delight, till the whole field was ploughed. The little puppy, baby's playmate, capered after her, as if he understood what a fine time she was having. Part of the time papa let brother Georgie take the reins, and hold the plough, while he led the horse by the bridle across places not to be ploughed.

When mamma came home, and learned of papa's novel method of taking care of baby, she laughed heartily. She told him she should remember it next spring if she had shopping to do.—*Virginia C. Hollis.*

SIAM AND ITS ROYAL FAMILY.

The city of Bangkok, the capital of Siam, wrote Mr. J. C. Black of the British Consulate a few weeks ago to the *Illustrated London News*, has witnessed a splendid royal and national festival, continued seven days, at the coming of age of the Crown Prince, his Royal Highness Somdetch Phra Paparma Oratsadiraj Chowfa Mahavajirunhio, son of the King. Siamese boys have their heads completely shaven, except a small knob of hair on the top, and this is cut off, with much ceremony, on their fourteenth birthday, when they "put away childish things." The occasion brought to Bangkok all the Rajahs, nobles, chiefs, and governors of the Empire, from Kedah, in the Malay peninsula, to Laung Prabang, in the far north-east, near the Chinese frontier. On Thursday, Jan. 22, the ceremonial act was performed at the royal palace.

It was a scene of gorgeous magnificence in the palace courtyard, where so great a company of persons of rank, sumptuously attired, were assembled in the pavilions erected for them, in front of a stately temple—its walls glistening white, its windows shining gilt, its roofs, tier above tier, of bright green and yellow tiles, with a lofty minaret and golden pinnacles. In the centre of the courtyard was an artificial mound, representing Mount Meru, sacred in Hindoo mythology as the abode of the god Siva. It was partly covered with a material looking like silver, and was decorated with shrubs and flowers, and with puppets or figures, afterwards set moving to amuse the spectators. At its base was a fern-shaded grotto, in which holy water, brought in bottles from four sacred fountains in India, was to spout from the mouths of seven carved monsters on the head of the youthful Prince.

Trumpets sounded, and the king, attended by some courtiers and nobles, descended the palace steps. A large umbrella, richly embroidered, was held over him. Seated then in a palanquin, he was borne round, while the band played the Siamese national anthem, to a pagoda-like building, which his Majesty entered, and soon reappeared in full royal robes, stiff with gold and precious stones, with the tall, pointed Crown of State. The king is a handsome man of pleasant and dignified aspect. Shortly afterwards the young Crown Prince was brought out in a palanquin, surrounded by courtiers, who carried huge fans sparkling with jewels. His Royal Highness was attired in glittering robes of silver embroidery, with diamonds, and wore a small conical cap, just covering the top-knot. The king received his son and placed him by his side, while all the princes, nobles and officers of State passed before them, bowing thrice, and doing homage to the heir-apparent. On each side were ranged others of the royal children, among them a pretty little girl with long hair and fringe, who was almost weighed down with the gold and jewellery of her dress.

A procession was formed, in which all the resources of pomp and pageantry were lavishly displayed. Preceded by a band of lictors in green and scarlet, came representatives of every nation and tribe in the Siamese empire; Laos, Malays, Karens, Tongus, Peguans, and Mons, in their distinctive dresses and ornaments. There was a troop of hundreds of girls, marching in fours, beginning with the tallest and ending with the smallest infants, wearing a brilliant uniform; and a troop of boys, all in Scottish Highland costume, marching to the strains of a lively Scottish tune. Amazons, or female guards of the palace, in soldiers' uniform, were part of the procession. The superb dresses of the nobility, gold-embroidered and studded with jewels, suggested immense riches. Under bright sunshine, the varied harmonious grouping of colors in this grand moving spectacle was most effective, realizing the highest idea of Oriental splendor.

The hair-cutting ceremony was performed within the pavilion by the king, with scissors of precious metal, severing the four locks that grew in the top-knot on his son's head. The young Prince came forth, clad in white, with a small black helmet; he was borne in state to the mound representing Mount Meru, and bathed in the sacred grotto; after which, in another pagoda, he was presented with the ancient crown and sword of the kings of Siam. Processions and entertainments were kept up seven days, to the delight of the population of Bangkok and vast numbers of people from the country.

SIAM AND ITS PEOPLE.

Dr. Lee a missionary of the American Presbyterian Board in Petchaburi, near Bangkok, wrote last New Year to a friend of another class of this people with whom he comes daily in contact. "The Siamese are," he says, "in many ways a peculiar people and far from being as bright as the Chinese or Laos who occupy the country with them. If we want a mechanic we hunt for a Chinaman and, as a general thing, he will see at a glance what it would take us an hour to show a Siamese. Of course, I see more of them in a medical way, and often find it very hard to know how to handle them. In the surgical side of my work they cause little trouble, for it is what I give them or nothing, but in the medical part of it the beauty of the scene changes. Being trained from earliest youth to think the virtue in medicine lies in nasty medicine and immense doses, they seldom come to us until everything and everybody else has given the case up. Every case of that kind improved or cured is one point gained for Christianity, but if we fail we get ourselves classed with their own bungling doctors. Then, again, it is a very hard matter to get them to take the medicine as you tell them to; it cuts us out of the use of some very fine drugs that we dare not trust to their care.

"They are a great people to cut one another and in this way furnish all the surgical work a young man ought to ask for. They use a short cutlass (much like an American cornknife) for anything from cutting grass to cutting each other, and I assure you when they fight it is not for fun. The knife always finds the bone and often the tissues that are far deeper. But that is enough of the horrible for this time. All the mission workers but my wife and I are (by Bangkok low that is,) gone to Bangkok to attend an annual mission meeting, and we are having a frolic trying to make the cook understand the difference between "khi," which is egg, and "ghi," which is chicken; he sees a difference evidently, for he brings us sausage fried, with the temperature at 85 in the shade."

Siam as a nation, says Dr. Lee, is miserably poor.

"What little the people can make out of their fishing and the cultivation of rice is taken away from them by the thousand "officials" that have to be supported. Then, what is worse, the debtor is the absolute slave of the creditor, and as the wages of a man will not pay the legal interest he remains so and his family after him. Of course, this takes all the zest out of life, and the people get careless and lazy.

Their army and navy is a huge joke, a gunboat at the mouths of the rivers, and a couple of regiments of soldiers could dictate terms to the whole kingdom. There is no such thing as justice in their courts of law, it is the party who can offer the largest bribe that wins the suit; happy for them that they think the glory of law-suits lies in winning the suit for they will make beggars of themselves to win their point, and be happy in doing it—another evil result of their native stupidity. The very narrow policy that the Government follows makes mission work among the people very hard indeed. It is almost impossible for a foreigner to buy property here, and when we do get it, it is usually in some out of the way place, just where a mission church should not be. This is the trouble here at Petchaburi. We are too far away from the thoroughfares of the town, where the masses of the people won't come to find us. I feel that our medical work could be doubled if the hospital were on the market street, but I doubt if we could buy the ground to build it on, even if we had the money to build the house.

We meet one idea in our medical work that causes us no little trouble, it is that Buddhistic idea of merit making. They think we are rich people who have come out here to "make merit." It is very hard to give them any pure Christian ideas of anything, particularly of an unselfish motive. Even our church members are so full of these remnants of their old Buddhistic life that I doubt if they will ever get free from them on this side of the grave.

There is a popular idea in my native country that the king of Siam is right on the verge of being a Christian, and I find this also a mistake. He gives every evidence of being a Buddhist in all his interests. True, he has inaugurated many Western reforms, but when you take out of his motives the "merit" and the "political," it leaves you the old negro sum in "addition" (0+0=oty-ott). He is far in advance of his fathers and such praise as he is entitled to on that score I am glad to give him, but to say he is a Christian or anything that looks like it is certainly a great mistake.

I have only been here a short time, but it seems to me that much hard work will have to be done before either the King or very many of his subjects will be made Christian. We are praying that our medical work may be one of the means that God will use to revive his work here in this midnight land. Can you not find it in your heart to join us in this petition?

It seems strange to live in a house without windows. We use wooden shutters to keep out robbers when we are away, but I can assure you we are not guilty of such things as window glass, sash doors and the like, but then one does not mind it so much when the temperature stays at 85 degrees in the shade most of the day. This will not last a great while though, for in a couple of months, even by the time you get this letter, the sun will be right over our heads and then we will know what life in the tropics means.

The Siamese are spirit worshippers, a thing that causes no little trouble in teaching them doctrines of the Godhead. All the words in their language that convey any idea of a spirit are very far from teaching a correct idea of the Holy Spirit. Attempt to talk to them of the person and work of the Holy Spirit and they seem to grasp your meaning with all desirable intelligence, but cross question them a little later and you will find that the idea you at first thought so clear is nothing but their native idea of spirits in general.

Then we have trouble about their keeping the Sabbath. Their own year has thirteen months of twenty-eight days, and their native periodical, religious holiday coming twice a month it is almost impossible to get them to remember when the Sabbath comes. We have a few calendars written off by our old language teacher in Siamese, but it is almost labor thrown away, for a calendar is an enigma to most of them.

AN ENCOURAGING TESTIMONY.

A remarkable instance of the effect of Christian teaching is related in a Tamil letter from the matron of a large school in South India, a translation of which has been received by the Rev. Henry Law Harkness, of Worcester, and is printed by him in the quarterly paper of the Daily *Prayer Union*. The letter runs as follows:—

It would be impossible, even in many letters, to describe fully the quickening work of the Holy Spirit amongst the girls of this school during the last two or three months. The children have been greatly changed. They were to be seen in groups around the school praying and reading the Bible, with sounds of weeping, and crying "What shall I do to be saved?" For the last few days there has been less of weeping, but they are singing praises to God. Formerly, I awoke them with difficulty at five o'clock, when it was my practice to read a devotional book to them and pray, after which they went to their usual work. In the same manner in the evening, after reading, advice and prayer, they learned their lessons, and at nine o'clock retired to rest. But now there is no need to awaken them; they themselves rise at four or half-past four, sing hymns, and recite verses out of the Bible, and conclude by praying very earnestly.

A Prayer Union for the Holy Spirit has been newly formed here; and all members assemble together at twelve o'clock and sing a hymn; a few of them speak, and all of them offer up a short prayer. Except during the time they are at their studies, the whole day is occupied in prayer and praise. They always look forward to Sunday; and when the day comes, this place is indeed a house of God. They get up at four o'clock in the morning, and sing joyful and sweet hymns, repeat texts, and pray. After their meals they go round the school three times singing and praying; besides that, each one reads, meditates, and prays in private. Thus through the whole day, not one child, from the youngest to the eldest, can be seen idle, or heard speaking vain and useless words. However hard the heart of any sinner who sees all this, it must be touched and softened. The Lord, who is infinite in wisdom, is showing his great wonders to these poor children, whilst he often hides them from the learned and wise of this world. Last month, in the September meetings, the native pastors and missionaries, when they saw this change in the girls, said with astonishment that no such thing had happened in the school since it was founded. In the large meeting also of the missionary ladies, Bible women, and school-mistresses, with other visitors, my daughter Gnanasundran, stood up and bravely told of the quickening work of the Holy Spirit which she had received. It is impossible for me to tell you fully of the change, and the happiness experienced by my other children. Although small outward troubles may arise, it is a great comfort to witness the altered state of these children, and I am confident that God has brought me and my children to this place for our great good. I humbly ask you to pray that the Holy Spirit may continue this blessed work among the children, and that he who has begun the good work may vouchsafe to perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.

HE FAILS NEVER.

Though we fail indeed—
You—I—a score of such weak workers—He
Fails never. If he cannot work by us,
He will work over us. Does he want a man,
Much less a woman, think you? Every time
The star winks there, so many souls are born,
Who all shall work too. Let our own be calm.
We should be ashamed to sit beneath those stars,
Impatient that we're nothing.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

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